

15 Words 15c **Farmer Classified Ads** Phone 1208**GOLD**by **STEWART EDWARD WHITE**

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(Continued.)

"Which," said Johnny shrewdly, "is and commentary on the decline of the days at Hangman's?"

Jones was evidently prosperous and doing business on a much larger scale than at the old place, for his countenance beaming with quantities of dollars displayed and many barrels and boxes still unopened. He did not recognize us, of course, and we had to wait the completion of a tale he was telling a group perched on the counters and on the boxes.

"We turned into the entrance of the hotel, to find ourselves in the well-remembered long, low room wherein we had spent the evening a few months before. It was now furnished with a new, the flimsy partitions had been knocked out, and evidently additions had been constructed beyond the various closed doors.

The man behind the bar looked strangely familiar to me, but I could not place him.

"Where's the proprietor of this place?" I asked him.

He indicated a short, blowsy, truculent-looking individual who was at the moment staring out the window.

"There used to be an Italian," I began.

The barkeeper uttered a short bark, and he turned to attend to a customer.

"He found the climate had for his heart and sold out," said the barkeeper.

On the wall opposite was posted a number of printed and written handbills. "We stopped idly to examine them. They had in general to do with real property, stolen horses and rewards for the apprehension of various individuals. One struck us in particular. It was issued by a citizens' committee of San Francisco and announced a general reward for the capture of any member of the 'Hounds'.

"Looks as if they'd got tired of that gang down there," Johnny observed. "They were ruling the roost when we left. Do you know, I saw one of those fellows this afternoon—perhaps you remember him—was with a queer sort of blue scar over one cheekbone. I swear I saw him in San Francisco. He was a fine fellow, a real some mon."

The proprietor of the hotel turned to look at Johnny curiously, and several of the loafers drinking at the bar glanced in the direction of his clear young voice. We went on reading and enjoying the notices, some of which were very queer. Suddenly the door burst open to admit a big man following closely by a smaller fellow.

The leader was a red-faced, burly, whiskered individual, with a big beard and mustache. As he turned I saw a scar above his cheekbone.

"Where's the blamed cur that is going to make some money out of my head?" he roared, swinging his head back and forth, and toward the center of the room.

I glanced at a loss. A row was evidently being made, and the odds were against us. Almost at the instant the door came open Johnny, without waiting for a word, dashed forward, jerked his two revolvers from their holsters. With the sound he reached the center of the room and thrust his muzzle beneath the bully's nose. His black eyes were snapping.

"Shut up, you 'Hound,'" he said in a low, even voice. "I wouldn't wonder to make money out of your miserable carcass, except at a glue factory. And if you or your friends so much as wink an eyelid I'll put you in shape for it."

"Caught absolutely by surprise, the 'Hound' stared fascinated into the pistol barrels, his jaw dropped, his face paler than ever, his eyes ridiculous protruding. He had recovered my who had just backed against the backboard, a revolver in either hand, keeping an eye on the general company. Those who had burst in with the bully had stopped frozen in their tracks. The others were interested, but not particularly excited.

"I'm going to stay in this camp," Johnny advised crisply, "and I'm not going to be bothered by big bluffs like you. I warn you, and all like you, to get me alone and keep away from me. I'm staying in camp, or you can leave camp, just as you please, but I warn you that I shoot you next time I lay eyes on you. Now, about face, please."

"Johnny's voice had an edge of steel. He turned slowly and sneaked out the door. His followers shambled toward the bar. Johnny passed them rather contemptuously under the review of the snapping eyes, and they shambled a trifle faster. Then with elaborate deliberation he sauntered out.

"My lord, Johnny," I cried when we had reached the street, "that was fine! I didn't know you had it in you!"

"What a stupid, useless mess!" said I.

"The minute that fellow came into the room I saw we were let in for a row; so I went at it quick before he had time to get his bearings. He didn't expect that. He thought he'd have to work us into it."

"But it isn't all wrong," said I.

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here," complained Johnny. "We are marked men."

We went out to see Yank with the full intention of spending the evening and checking him up. He was doing, restless, waking and sleeping by fits and starts. We sat around in the awkward fashion peculiar to very young boys in the sickroom, and then, to our vast relief, were shoved out by Senora Morena. With her we held a whispered conversation outside, and completed satisfactory arrangements for Yank's keep. She was a chuckling, easy-going, motherly sort of creature, and we were very lucky to have her. Then we returned in the gathering dusk to our camp under the trees across the way.

A man rose from a seat against a tree trunk.

"Good evening, stranger," said he.

"Good evening," responded Johnny guardedly.

"You are the man who stuck up Scarface Charley in Morton's place, ain't you?"

"What's that to you?" replied Johnny.

"Are you a friend of his?"

His habitual air of young carelessness had fallen from him. His eyes were steady and frosty, his face set in stern lines. Before my wondering eyes he had grown ten years older in the last few hours.

"Well, I was just inquire in a friendly sort of way," replied the newcomer peaceably.

"I don't know you," stated Johnny shortly, "nor who you're friends to, nor your camp. I deny your right to ask questions. Good night."

"Well, good night," agreed the other, still peaceable. "I reckon I gather considerable about you, anyhow." He turned away. "I had a notion from what I heard that you was sort of picked on, and I dropped round sort of friendly like. But Lord love you! I don't care how many of you desperadoes kill each other. Go to it, and good riddance!" He cast his pale blue eyes on Johnny's rigid figure. "Also go to the dickens!" he remarked dispassionately.

Johnny stared at him, puzzled.

"Hold on," he called after a moment. "Then you're not a friend of this 'Hound'?"

The stranger turned in slow surprise.

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"Where?"

"I don't believe I'll answer that question," replied Johnny slowly.

"But somewhere back in the hills?" persisted Randall.

"Somewhere back in the hills," agreed Johnny.

"Seems to me"—I broke in, but Johnny silenced me with a gesture. He was watching Randall intently and thinking hard.

"Then you have been out of it for three months or so. That explains it. Now, I don't mind telling you I came up here this evening to size you up. I heard about your row with Scarface Charley, and I wanted to see whether you were just another fighting desperado or an honest man. Well, I'm satisfied. I'm not going to ask you if you have much gold with you, for you wouldn't tell me, but if you have keep it with you. If you don't you'll lose it. Keep in the middle of the road and out of dark places. This is a tough camp, but there are a lot of us good men, too, and my business is to get us all to know each other. Things are getting bad, and we've got to get together. That's why I came up to see you. Are you handy with a gun?" he asked abruptly.

"Fair," said Johnny.

"You need to be. Let's see if you are. Stand up. Try to get the draw on me. Now!"

CHAPTER XX.

Johnny Gets Pistol Lesson.

JOHNNY reached for his pistol, but before his hand was fairly on the butt Randall had thrust the muzzle of a small revolver beneath his nose. His pale blue eyes had lit with concentration, his bleached eyebrows were drawn together. For an instant the thought flashed across his mind that this was a genuine holdup, and I am sure Johnny

caught the same suspicion, for his figure stiffened. Then Randall dropped his hand.

"Very pretty," said Johnny coolly. "How did you do that? I didn't catch your motion."

"From the sleeve," said Randall. "It's difficult, but it's pretty, as you say, and if you learn to draw from the sleeve I'll guarantee you'll get the draw on your man every time."

"Show me," said Johnny simply.

"That gun of yours is too big. It's a holster weapon. Here, take this."

He handed Johnny a beautifully balanced small revolver, engraved and silver plated, with polished rosewood handle. This he showed Johnny how to stow away in the sleeve, how to arrange it, how to grasp it and the exact motion in snatching it away.

"It takes practice, lots of it and then more of it," said Randall. "It's worse than useless unless you get it just right. If you made a mistake at the wrong time the other man would get you sure."

"Where can I get one of these?" asked Johnny.

"Good!" Randall approved his decision. "You see the necessity. You can't. But a derringer is about as good, and Jones has them for sale. Now as for your holster gun. The whole trick of quick drawing is to throw your right shoulder forward and drag the gun from the holster with one forward sweep. Don't lift it up and out. This way." He snapped his hand past his hip and brought it away armed.

"Pretty," repeated Johnny.

"Don't waste much powder and ball shooting at a mark," advised Randall. "It looks nice to cut out the ace of hearts at ten yards, but it doesn't mean much. If you can shoot at all you can shoot straight enough to hit a man at close range. Practice the draw."

Johnny turned to me. "You'd better practice too. Every man's got to take care of himself these days. But you're not due for trouble same as your friend is."

"I'm obliged to you," said Johnny.

"You are not. Now it's up to you. I judged you didn't know conditions here, and I thought it only right to warn you. There's lots of good fellows in this camp, and some of the hard cases are a pretty good sort. Just keep organized; that's all."

"Now, I wonder who Danny Randall is?" speculated Johnny after our visit had departed. "He talked as though we ought to know all about it. I'm going to find out from the first fellow I get acquainted with."

Next morning we asked the Morenas who was Danny Randall.

"El diablo," replied Morena shortly and trudged obstinately away to his work without vouchsafing further information.

"Which is interesting, but indefinite," said Johnny.

(To Be Continued.)

The bodies of Robert Dalley and Louis Reitz, members of Company H, Fourteenth regiment, N. Y. N. G., who were drowned while the regiment was bathing in the Gasconade river, near Springfield, Mo., were recovered by the use of explosives.

A charter was filed at Dover, Del., by the United States Potash Corporation, capital \$10,000,000.

Infantile paralysis continues to spread in Greater New York. Fifty-two new cases were reported, 42 in Brooklyn, 59 victims died during the week.

Help Wanted Male

LABORERS WANTED at the Wheeler & Howe Co., steady employment and good wages. D 10 *t

Female Help Wanted

WANTED—School girls during vacation on light pleasant work. Warner Bros. Co., Call at Employment Office, corner Lafayette and Gregory Streets. D 9 *t

Positions Wanted

ALL AROUND HANDY MAN, experienced night watchman, care bollers, firing, wants work; references, Williams, 88 Courtland St. P 1 d*

WANTED—As companion to elderly lady or sick person; also housekeeper to widower or kitchen work; thoroughly capable. Apply 105 Catherine street. R 2

Doctor

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfeldt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building. Tel. 4783; consult: a free. B 17 *

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Stratford Ave., Opp. St. Michael's Cem. BRIDGEPORT, CONN. Phone 1596-4. Phone 1596-4

MONUMENTS

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First operated by pneumatic cutting and polishing tools.

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Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals. Mortuary parlors, office and residence.

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EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS

181-197 STRATFORD AVE.

Phone 1690-3

Branch Office, 400 Hancock Ave. Phone 220

Wanted Tool-MakersApply **The Columbia Nut & Bolt Co.****Lost and Found**

LOST—Bank book, No. 81439, of City Savings Bank. Any person having claims upon said book is called upon to present the same to the Bank within 30 days or the said book will be declared cancelled and extinguished, and a new one issued in lieu thereof. D28 s3—3-3

SCHOOL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 836 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b*

YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. D 6 *t

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Reo Car at Brooklawn garage, first class condition. Phone 4246. P 3 d*

FOR SALE—Business horse and wagon. Apply John F. Fay, 610 Fairfield Ave., corner West. P 3 s*

FOR SALE—A horse. C. Stollen, R. F. D. No. 2, Bridgeport, Stratfield District. P 3 s*

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT—Fully furnished flat, all improvements. Address W. W. Care of Farmer. D 24 s1p

CAPITAL AVENUE, 2 family 12 room house, all improvements, electric light, bargain, \$5,500; worth \$6,000. Watson, 83 Fairfield Ave. R 26 s1p

\$500 CASH buys a 14 room house, excellent location for rooming house. If interested call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1488 Main St., Tel. 2743-3. R 26 s1p

FOR SALE—Park St., Paradise Green, a nice 6 room cottage, all improvements, 3 minutes to trolley. \$2,500; cash \$1,000, balance mortgage. W. W. Beers, Stratford. D 10 s*

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality, and good reason for selling. Call 1328-12. R 18 s1p

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments. Address House, Care Farmer. U 37 *t

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain, see F. Anderson, 205 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

SEVERAL two family houses for sale with \$500 cash investment, splendid opportunity to buy a home. These houses have all improvements and can be bought at a bargain. Leopold Weiss, 1438 Main St. Phone 2743-3. P 1 d*

THREE FINE two family houses for sale, all with modern improvements; room for drive, one with garage; located in excellent residential sections. They must be sold at once and are therefore to be had at a sacrifice. Investments \$1,000 to \$1,300, balance on terms to suit. Phone 2743-3 or Box L. W. care Farmer. R26 s1p

OWNERS OF REAL ESTATE—Would like to communicate with the owners of property who wish to dispose of same. Have prospective purchasers for large houses, two and three family houses in West End, business property, East Side; also two and three family houses, East Side. M. B. Loller, 196 Fairfield avenue. Phone 907-3. D28 d*

UNCLASSIFIED

WANTED—Rooms and board for colored men. Address P. O. Box 208, Bridgeport. D 30 d1p

MRS. C. M. DONOVAN, THE NURSE, has removed to 727 Iranshan avenue. Tel. 2083-12. D28 d1p

WANTED TO BUY all kinds of second hand furniture. Geo. F. Toombs, Redfield's old stand, 43 Harrison street. Phone 1015-2. D 21 *t

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 6 *t

FOR VERICOSE VEINS or rheumatism try Young's Liniment, guaranteed to please or money refunded; three ounces 50 cents at Hindle Pharmacy Inc., 987 Main street; Cannon's Pharmacy, 1249 State St. P 1 b1p

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.

To Rent

TO RENT—Above St. Vincent's hospital, five room flat with barn if desired. J. H. Keenan, 125 Harmony. Telephone 362-12. R27 r6p

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1595 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d1*

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zalmom Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 s1*

Awnings and Sail Maker

SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 175 East Main street. Tel. 5948. D 16 c1*

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings, 25c and 50c. Telephone 5553, 1152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 *t

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 435 State St. downstairs. R 9 *t

Foot Specialist

DR. MANSFIELD, FOOT SPECIALIST, 1107 Main street, over Dilson's cures bunions, callouses pared, 50 cents. I still practice the famous Mansfield Method which cures. Open afternoons and Sundays. D18 d1*

Furniture

SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. R 10 s1*

Insurance

DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance costing 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. S 15 *t

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor, Conn. National Bank Building. S 37 *t

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. Dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 35 Wall St., Tel. 4292-2.

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, dusters, rubber type, etc. The Schwartz Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 15 d*

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 845 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1291. Winfield & Black, Prop. U 1 *t

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of envelopes for \$5.00. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 13 *t

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 3343-4. G 8 *t

Unclassified

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 s1*

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 s1p

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS \$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. J. J. Lynch, 465 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b1*

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain, Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 per 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Thompson St., Box 203, Stratford. U 23 b1p

Upholsters

WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$15. Scally Bros., 408 State street. P 6 *t

Sales

SALES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter M. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 37 *t

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TAR AND CEMENT SIDEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7139, 1408 North Ave. R 18 u1*

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LOUIS F. NUTTING, physical treatments by heat, electricity or manipulation. Rooms 209-310, City Savings Bank, 952 Main street. Office hours: week days 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. R 1 *t

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LOST—Boston brindle bull puppy natural ear, screw tail, white chest. Finder please notify H. B. Ellis, 1130 Laurel Avenue, phone 5015, Reward. D 23 b*

Positions Wanted

SITUATION WANTED—Second work in small family or will take care of elderly person; references furnished. Call 319-2, Milford. D 23 d*

CHAUFFEUR—Wants position with private family; 4 years' experience; repair own car. Address, 1115 Stratford avenue. V. M. Farley. D16 d*

AMERICAN woman wishes position as housekeeper in small family. Address A. A. B. 42, Fourth St. D14 d*

YOUNG MARRIED MAN would like a position as express driver in sober and honest and reliable. Address to V. E. Runyon, 613